

We Wish You All A Merry Christmas, and God Bless Us Everyone!

We Print  
1,704  
Papers this Week.

# LAWRENCE DEMOCRAT.

„CRY ALOUD AND SPAR NOT“

17 Renewals  
8 New Subscriptions  
6 Discontinuances  
Since Last Issue

VOLUME XXX.

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NUMBER 21

## Letters to Santa Claus

Letters to Santa Claus  
From Appleton, Tennessee

Dear Clausie:—Please bring me some candy, oranges, apples and a set of knives and forks, toy stove and some nuts.  
Irene Newton.

Dear Old Santa:—I want you to bring me a sleeping doll, a set of dishes and some apples. I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in Alabama and go to school at Bonner every day.  
Clara Cottrell.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl ten years old, and would like you to visit me this Christmas. I will hang my stockings near the fire place. I'd like a great big doll, a set of dishes, story books, postcard album, nuts, candy, apples and oranges. I love you dear old Santa, and would like to see you, but I'll shut my eyes tight and be a good girl. Your loving little girl,  
Mable Farr.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want you to bring me a doll, some candy, oranges, apples, bananas and nuts. Don't fail to drop around sometime through Christmas times and bring them. I am eleven years old. Your little girl,  
Lula Mitchell.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want you to bring me a sleeping doll, a piano, a doll carriage, some apples, oranges, bananas, candy. I am a Tennessee girl, six years old. Your friend,  
Gertrude Bassham.

Dear Santa:—I want a little wagon, a horse, some candy, apples, oranges, bananas, nuts, a toy gun, a story book and twelve post cards. I am eleven years old.  
Edward Newton.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a nice set of vases, a locket and a nice dress. I am a Tennessee girl, age 13, I'm always so glad for Christmas to come. I am going to school and learning fast. My teacher is Mr. L. D. Chapman.  
Your friend, Pearl Stovers.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a toy horse, a wagon, some candy, oranges, apples, bananas and some nuts. I am eight years old. Clarence Mitchell.

Dear Santa:—Please bring me some candy, oranges, a coconut, some walnuts and a tiny piano.  
Dellie Freeman.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a big doll, doll cradle, doll carriage and a piano. If this is not too much I want some apples and oranges.  
Always your little friend,  
Katie Lou Bonner.

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me some apples, oranges, raisins, bananas, some vases and a big sleeping doll. Don't forget my little sister and brother and please don't forget all I have asked for. I will go to bed early and sleep until morning. Yours truly,  
Ora Dove Bassham.

Kind Old Santa, —Please come down in Alabama and bring me some candy, a knife, two oranges and anything else you think a good boy would like.  
Cecil Freeman.

Dear Claus:—If I will be a good girl, will you please bring me some apples, bananas, raisins, dishes and a little rocking chair? Don't forget brother and sisters. Ocie Coffman.

Dear Santa:—Please bring me a sack of popcorn, an orange, some apples and a little toy train that can run. Your little boy, Ellsworth House.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl two years old. Will you bring something that would please a small girl like me.  
Westelle Chapman.

### Young Women: Number Surprising

The number of young women who suffer with weak back, dizzy and nervous spells, dull headache and weariness is surprising. Kidney and bladder ills cause these troubles, but if Foley Kidney Pills are taken as directed relief follows promptly, and the ills disappear. Contain no habit forming drugs.



## The Children's Space

### Pleasant Valley

I am a little girl ten years old and in the third grade. I will write you a few lines to tell you that I want for Christmas a little doll some candy and oranges.  
Your little friend,  
Clara Hill.

Dear Santa:—I am a little girl ten years old and am in the third grade. I will tell you what I want. A set of doll dishes and some apples and candy.  
Your little friend, Viola Henson.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl ten years old and in the second grade. I have been trying to be good so you would remember me Christmas. I want a big sleeping doll and a big stove set.  
From your friend,  
Lizzie Casteell.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am fifteen years old and in the second grade. I have been trying to be good so you would remember me Christmas. I want a dresser, a pair of vases, some nuts, candy apples and oranges. Remember papa, mama, sister and brother and the baby. Your little friend,  
Fennie Langham.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl nine years old. I want a big doll, some candy, a set of little dishes, a little pony and, dear Santa Claus, bring me a little stove and skillets and stove pan.  
Your little friend,  
Pearl Risar.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl seven years old and in the second grade. Have tried to be good so you would remember me Christmas. I want a stove and pans, some nuts and candy, figs and bananas, raisins and oranges and a wagon, a china doll that can say mama and papa and a doll chair.  
Your little friend,  
Mattie Grace Pryor.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little boy nine years old and in the second grade. I have been trying to be good so you would remember me Christmas. I want some apples, candy and nuts.  
From your friend, Charlie Henson.

Dear Santa, Claus:—I am a little girl nine years old and in the second grade. I have tried to be good so you would remember me Christmas. I want some raisins and a toy stove, a little wagon and a little talking doll.  
Your little friend, Iva May Nix.

### Ethridge

Dear Santa:—I am a little girl ten years old and this is the first time I have written to you. I want a cap, sweater, some gloves, apples, oranges, candy and don't forget my little brother, he is a nice little fellow. My name is  
Pearl Foster.

Dear Santa: I am a little boy, seven years old. I go to school every day but our school will be out Friday and I am sorry for I have got a good teacher and I don't want to give her up so if you please Santa I want some caps for my gun and all the apples, oranges, candy and nuts you have to spare. I would like to have some fire crackers too don't forget my brothers they live in Columbia.  
Edgar Foster.

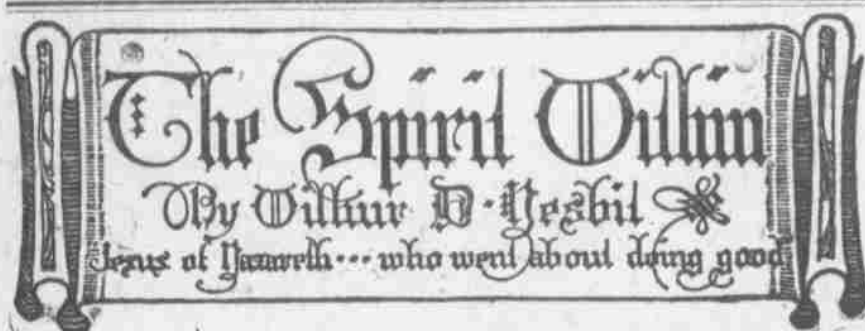
### WEST FORK

Dear Santa:—I will write to tell you that I want a great big doll, some apples oranges and nuts and lots of good things.  
Domea Sims.

Mr and Mrs Walker Barnett were in Nashville two days last week to see the marvelous Ben Hur.

Dr H P Smiley leaves this week to join his wife and baby who are with relatives in Huntingdon to spend the holidays.

## NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.



Some are an-hungered, some athirst,  
Some are borne down with heavy woe,  
Some are of sin and shame accursed,  
But in the Eve-star's heaven-glow  
All are befriended, each has heard  
Messages that bid him rejoice.  
We are the ones that speak the Word—  
Brother, my brother, it is His voice.

We go a-shuddering to the door  
Sorrowing over all the want,  
Giving the gifts brought of our store  
Into the hands by pain made gaunt.  
Nay, 'tis not ours that find the way  
Into the dark and noisome street,  
Bringing the cheer of Christmas day—  
Brother, my brother, it is His feet.

Child lips to laughter alien-strange  
Show us a miracle in this while,  
When over them there comes a change—  
When for the once they know a smile.  
Baubles we bring are jewels fair  
Found in the distant wonderlands—  
Think you 'tis we who bring them there?  
Brother, my brother, it is His hand.

Coming to us through the centuries  
Forever in one deep ke  
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to Me."

### IN SOCIETY

ENTERTAINED:  
Misses Mary Chambers and Ruth Twitty delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Chambers, last Tuesday night in honor of Mr. Albert Woodard. The reception hall and parlors were beautifully decorated in palms and evergreens. Various games were enjoyed by all present. At a late hour refreshments were served.

PRICE OSBORNE:  
Arthur Price and Miss Thelma Osborne were married on Tuesday of last week in the parlors of the Bethel House at Columbia. Both bride and groom are Lawrence Countians, with a large circle of friends who wish for them every joy and abundant prosperity. Mr Price is the son of Mr and Mrs E G Price of Route Two, a young man of splendid business capacity, and energy. For several years he has been connected with the Cumberland Telephone Co. in Nashville, where his marked capacity, honesty and attention to duty have made him a favorite with his employers. His bride is the pretty daughter of Mr and Mrs M L Osborne of New Prospect, a rare sweetness of character. The young couple will make their home in Columbia. Their return from a

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Council of Law

## Holiday Goods

FRUITS  
NUTS  
CANDIES  
FRUIT  
CAKES  
Cakes of all  
KINDS  
PLUM  
PUDDINGS

### Summertown Boy Seriously Wounded

John Mitchell Gets Load Intended for Rabbit. Improving Last Report

While rabbit hunting last week John Mitchell was accidentally shot, by a companion named Hinson, near their home at Summertown. The entire load fired at short range entered his side just above the hip inflicting a very dangerous, and what was at first thought to be a fatal wound. A very heavy hunting coat, however, it seems served to check the force of the charge, and to this he probably owes his life. At last reports, he was improving and hopes are now entertained for his recovery.

### After Passing Years

Lawrenceburg Testimony Remains Unshaken

Time is the best test of truth. Here is a Lawrenceburg story that has stood the test of time. It is a story with a point which will come straight home to many of us. J. C. Long, east of depot, Lawrenceburg, Tenn., says: "I was a constant sufferer from kidney complaint for fifteen years and at times



"Until the daybreak, and the shadows flee away."—The Song of Solomon 2:13

Here, at high noon the sun looks down  
In stately calmness on the streets;  
There, twilight comes to field and town  
And night her minor croon repeats  
In whispers that are darkly sad—  
But still the world is whirling on,  
And somewhere, jubilant and glad,  
There sound the trumpets of the dawn.

The sunlight drips on drowsing ships  
And breaks, and falls in golden strips  
And lights the waves with jeweled tips.

A midnight here, a twilight there,  
Mid-morning and mid-afternoon—  
But, laughing into life somewhere,  
The dawn comes as a wondrous boon  
To eyes that yearn for light of day,  
To eyes that search the pulsing  
To eyes that fain would drive away  
The listless languor of dull

The rosy dawn forever flies  
On wings of joy across the skies  
While each close-clutching shade

The stars pale into nothingness—  
To outer silence faint the stars  
Dawn, her gladness to express  
Forth her first far reaching  
breaks into limpid light,  
Shades that robed the